


Youth

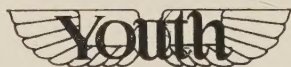


OCTOBER,
1928

10 cents
a copy

Read
"THE TENTH MAN"

A True Story of Faith and Pluck.



A magazine devoted to encouraging Youth to express itself.

ERNEST C. WILSON, *Editor*

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PARAMOUNT PHOTO

FRIENDSHIP

By Nina Willis Walter

SWEET friendship is a lovely thing,
In value far above
The treasure of earth's mightiest king,
And yet, 'tis free to love.

THIS time the yellow roadster stopped.

Sam Houston, rounding the corner of the unfinished house, with long strips of three-inch trim in one hand, regarded from beneath slightly frowning brows the smart car being parked among the flivvers of the workmen in the street. Made him think of a sumptuous American beauty rose in a cabbage-patch. Since ground had been broken for the building behind him he had seen it pass daily. Each time it had slowed down as though the driver intended to stop. Each time it had shot on. Always a girl at the wheel. Gypsy type. Olive skin. A suggestion of dark hair beneath corking hats which in variety had run the prismatic scale of the rainbow.

Boy, but she was a little thing, he thought, as the girl jumped from the roadster and approached along the roughly indicated path which led to the front door of the house. He felt absurdly big in his loose tweeds as she stopped near him. Her head came about as high as his heart. Old stuff. He'd read that somewhere. Eyes like big, dark, velvet pansies. That wasn't new either. Everything he thought seemed to have been used before. He felt like a big, blond "hick" beside her.

Why didn't she speak? He couldn't encourage her by taking off his hat. He hadn't one on. She smiled experimentally. He grinned response. Her expression brightened as though incandescent lights had been switched on within. She drew a little breath of relief, and inquired: "Are you the architect of this house?"

For just long enough to glance over his shoulder his eyes followed the direction hers traveled, whence came the tap of hammers, the clatter of wood. There was a thread of exultation in his voice:

"Not the architect; the builder. See that?" He pointed with teetering lengths of trim toward the sign on a tree which announced in big black letters to a passing world:

SAMUEL HOUSTON
CONTRACTOR
Tel. Center 999

The girl nodded. "I see it." Added

Open for By Emilie



Sam felt the color mount to his forehead.

with a delicious ripple of laughter, "—not being blind."

Sam felt the color mount to his forehead. Boy! His hair would seem yellower than ever. Gentlemen might prefer blondes but he'd noticed that ladies liked 'em dark.

"Are you building the house for yourself?" There was a sparkle and color in the girl's voice which set Sam's to date female-proof pulses atingle.

"Nope. Building to sell. I'd like like everything to dispose of it before it's finished. That's where the profit comes in." He rested one foot on a section of terra cotta flue lining. The posture brought his head nearer hers. "It's my first house. See all this land?" He waved a finely shaped, capable hand toward the field which sloped gently back to the sky line. A few scraggly trees dotted it, a boulder or two. From the exact geographical center a staked cow, solemnly chewing her cud, regarded the humans with ruminative gaze. Sam's eyes came back to the girl.

"I've an option on the whole business. Had just enough money left from a Florida crash to buy this one lot. Always, since I fooled round with blocks when

Inspection

Loring



"Are you building the house for yourself?"

I was a kid, I've been crazy to build houses. Not design them, though I've changed the plan of this one till its own father wouldn't know it. Thinking of buying?"

SHE shook her head. Boy, but she was pretty, Sam told himself, even in the midst of the tide of disappointment which swept him at that negative shake. She surely knew what to wear. Her soft yellow sports dress was a little bit of all right.

"I'm not thinking of buying. I wish I were. I'm sure your house will be adorable. I've watched it going up. Luck's your first name. Only one little storm and that after it was boarded in. I'm studying interior decorating and—and I've thought, 'Wouldn't it be marvelous if the owner would let me plan the color scheme inside!' I've driven by a million times. Slowed down. Would lose my courage and speed on. Really, I'm quite good at color."

Sam regarded her from the crown of her hat to the tips of her white shoes.

"I'll bet you are. Sorry not to give

you a job, but I'm not furnishing. No House Beautiful exhibit in this. I want to sell so I can start another."

"I don't mean furnishings. Just paper. Paint. I have one or two friends who are to be married. Perhaps if they knew I was interested in this house they might consider it," the girl bribed eagerly.

Sam rolled a nail keg on its side.

"You've got me all excited. Sit here. Let's talk it over."

"Hey! Boss! Where's that trim?" shouted a voice from one of the window openings. Sam smiled down at the girl.

"I carry in lumber to save the carpenters' time. I'll be blamed if I'll pay 'em ten dollars a day to tote wood. Sit here till I come back, will you?"

"This keg shall fly from its firm base as soon as I," the girl paraphrased gaily. "I'm out to sell my idea to you."

The planks which spanned the rise from ground to door-sill bent alarmingly under

Sam's hurrying feet. He'd better get the step in as soon as possible, he decided: safer for a girl. He gave knitted-brow attention to the recommendations of the boss carpenter, made notes in the book which he pulled from his pocket; cleared one or two doorways of clutter; looked about. In imagination he saw the house finished. Great stuff! Might be a good scheme to have an interior decorator plan the coloring. His mother's ideas were all right—he'd talked with her about the finish—but perhaps a person studying would be more up to date. He sprinted back to the girl.

"Want to look things over?"

"I'd love it. I've been willing you to ask me."

SAM experienced a thrill as he steadied her along the tricky plank to the front door, the sort of thrill which set his pulses thrumming when he listened to the Barcarolle from the Tales of Hoffmann.

"Night divine, O night of love, O smile on our caresses." The song swayed through his mind as he conducted her to the living room.

"You see, it isn't a large house. It's the size in which a woman can easily do her own work if the maid strikes. Mother's

been a great help in planning it."

"I love the way you say 'Mother.' She must be interested."

"She is. She'd be interested in anything which kept me on the ground." Sam hesitated—added gravely, "My two elder brothers flew in France. They never came back." He cleared his throat. "Here's the sun porch and here is the kitchen." His voice was filled with pride. He opened a door on white plastered walls and unpainted cupboards.

"See that ventilator? Carries off the odor of cooking so it can't penetrate to the living room and hall. Been done in big houses but not much in small ones where it's needed more. Here's the built-in ironing board with electric plug and here is the breakfast nook. See that peach of a window? Morning sun. Man of the house eats breakfast here and starts off all lighted up with courage. Pretty slick, what?"

The girl caught fire from his enthusiasm.

"Slick! It's perfect. Particularly that bit about speeding the Head of the House off all sweetness and light. I can just see this with table and seats painted a soul-satisfying green—not apple, not sea—woodwork in the kitchen the same, cream walls, gray and white tiled linoleum on the floor and a gray and white shade on the hanging light in the nook. It would be adorable."

She stopped from lack of breath. Her eyes, big, dark, gleaming, implored Sam. He responded promptly: "I'll say it would. You get the decorating job. But, you've got to go slow on expense. Keep the cost down to my estimate."

THE girl drew a brand new note book from a yellow pocket; with the point of a brand new pencil between her vivid lips, inquired with businesslike brevity:

"What's the allowance for paper?"

Sam consulted his note book; named a sum. She wrote it down; held her pencil poised.

"May I select the lighting fixtures?"

"Yep. Remember the limit."

"I'll remember. I won't be much good in my line if I run my clients into debt. Everything will be submitted for your approval before I order."

"Sounds reasonable." A devastating thought struck him. "Look here, what'll be your commission on all this?"

"I thought——" As she hesitated Sam braced stanchly to resist undue expenditure. Every cent counted in this venture. His profit would determine whether he could afford to go on.

"I thought that if I could do this house I wouldn't ask for a commission—charge my time up to advertising. Perhaps the buyer will like the coloring so much he'll consult me as to furnishing. See what I mean? It will give me a start."

"I'm sold. If I sell the house at once of course I'll pay your 'commish.' If I don't, I'll have to carry the construction loan—I had only money enough for the land—and won't have anything left for commissions."

"That's all right with me." She waved a hand toward the field. "How many houses are you planning to build out there?"

Sam laughed.

"How *many*! I'll bet you're more of a visionary than I am."

She flushed enchantingly.

"I'm the world's worst. The minute I think up a scheme I visualize it. If I see a frock I like, I dramatize myself in it. That's why I'm so extravagant. It's my imagination."

"Are you extravagant?" Sam inquired soberly.

"In spots. May I see the upper rooms?"

"If you don't mind that rough substitute. The permanent stairs aren't in yet. Come on."

At the door of a bathroom she exclaimed rapturously: "Who suggested that line of black in the white tiles, and the black fixtures? It's frightfully smart."

"Mother. All colored tiling costs double. I couldn't stand that. The contractor put in the black—green in the other bath—for the same price as all white. You've no idea how many extras horn in after you think everything's doped out."

"The touches of black are stunning. I can just see the walls above the tiling painted a sort of flamy apricot, paling toward the tinted ceiling, and with a shower curtain of the deepest shade. Luscious! It will knock your eyes out."

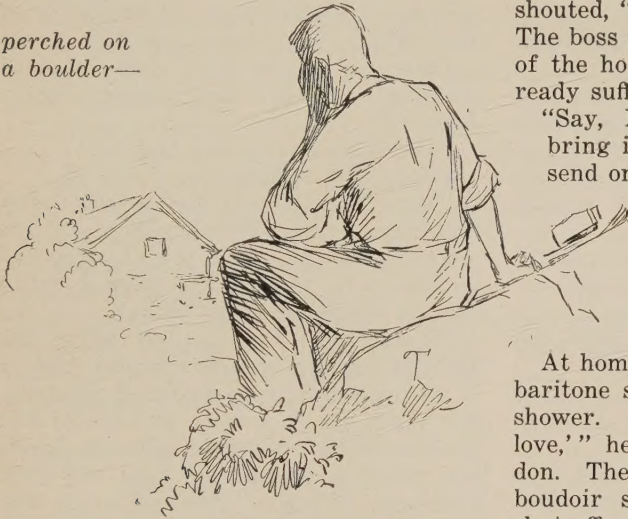
"I'll say it will. However, I'll try anything once. Come on. Here's the master's bedroom. Long door mirror, three

closets, poles for hangers, boot shelves; great not to have to fumble round on the floor for your shoes."

"You've thought of everything. It's a home beautiful, not just a house beautiful; it has a soul," the girl commended as he drew down the stairs which led to the unfinished third story. "Any woman would want to keep house here. Think of the adorable green enamel ware, green broom handles and dust pans one could have in the kitchen."

Sam paused in the process of restoring the folding stairs to a state of collapsibility.

*perched on
a boulder—*



"Would you?"

"Would I what?"

"Be crazy to keep house here?"

"If I wanted to keep house, but I don't. I want to make good in my profession."

"Picked up the career bug. I get you. Let me go ahead down those unfinished stairs. My employer's liability insurance doesn't insure against injury to visitors."

"I'm not a visitor. I'm a decorator hunting a job," the girl corrected gaily.

BEHIND the wheel of her roadster she looked at the house, then at Sam standing with one foot on the running board, and commended with heart warming sincerity:

"Your house is marvelous. Something human about it. Looks as though it were saying: 'Hurry up and finish me! I want a family!'"

Sam grinned.

"That isn't what it says to me. It yells: 'Get a hustle on! Finish me! If

you don't old Fee Fi Fo Fum Construction Loan will gobble me.'"

"Aren't you material?"

"Have to be in this business. When you coming again?" he demanded as she switched on the power. The engine purred.

"I'll stop often. It's wonderful of you to let me help. Good-by!"

The car shot ahead. Not until she looked back and waved did Sam realize that he knew neither her name nor whence she came. And he'd told her almost the entire story of his young life. He took a running step after her, shouted, "Hi!" She was out of hearing. The boss carpenter appeared at the door of the house with every hair of his already sufficiently bushy mop rampant.

"Say, Mr. Houston! You goin' to bring in more trim? If you ain't I'll send one of the men for it."

Visions of a mounting payroll sent his employer on a run to the lumber pile. Thus did the great god Overhead keep Sam's nose to the grindstone of Profit.

At home several hours later his husky baritone soared above the splash of the shower. "'Night divine, O night of love,'" he warbled with operatic abandon. The telephone bell in his mother's boudoir shrilled above the song. He shut off song and water, opened the door a crack, called: "If that's for me, little wee Ma, say I'm not at home."

"But, Sammy——" his mother's voice protested.

"I know you hate to fib but I'll bet it's that steam fitter after money. He hasn't done his job right and I won't pay him a cent till he makes good."

"But Sam, you ought to tell him that."

"I can't come to the 'phone, Mother. I'm all lather. Be a good sport."

THE bell rang imperatively. With a cake of soap in one hand, a trickle of water rivuleting icily down his spine, Sam listened.

"Mr. Sam Houston? He—he isn't here."

"I'll bet she crossed her fingers when she said that," Sam thought with a prick of conscience as he absent-mindedly distributed more soap.

"Who shall I say called? . . . His interior decorator? . . . Decorator . . ."

Interior decorator!

"Hold the line, Mother!" Sam shouted. He grabbed a capacious bath towel, knotted it about him toga fashion, sprinted past his father in the hall and heard him say:

"Great Scott! Lucky television isn't perfected to show up the young American contractor, as is, at the 'phone."

In his mother's boudoir Sam gripped the receiver with one soapy hand. He ignored her amazed:

"Sam Houston!"

He grinned at the transmitter: "Hello! Hello! Want me?"

No mistaking the colorful voice at the other end of the wire. The girl!

"I know that one shouldn't talk business out of office hours, but——"

"I don't mind. I'm sitting pretty."

"It occurred to me that if I had a blue print of the house I could work to better advantage. I couldn't wait till tomorrow to tell you I think I have a prospective buyer."

"Honest! You've got me all excited."

His mother dropped a bath robe over his soapy shoulders. Suggested:

"Sammy dear, don't shout into the 'phone."

"He's trying to reach her without using a wire," Houston senior interpolated dryly.

Sam clapped an impatient hand over the mouthpiece; beseeched: "Stop kidding. This is business."

He spoke into the transmitter, one sentence tumbling fast upon another:

"What was that? A prospect? So soon? Great! You'll get a 'commish' on the sale too. Who is it? . . . A man you know? Married? . . . Um-m! Thanks. . . . Does she? Bully. How can I ask you if I don't know your name? . . . Judith Brooks. Forget it? Not a chance. If I sell this house right off, you and I'll build another. There's a knoll on that land——"

His father interrupted with exaggerated concern:

"I hate to intrude on a business conference, Sam, but I feel impelled to remind you that a pool of soapy water is forming on the amethyst rug which is the very light of your mother's eyes."

SAM lifted one bare foot as though to impede the progress of drip, scowled at his intrusive parent, smiled fatuously at the transmitter.

"I'll have the plan at the house tomorrow. Gotta go—— What's that? Of course I don't mind your calling me. Crazy about it. Good-by."

As he started for the door trailing the green and white bath robe from one shoulder his mother protested: "Sammy, when I imperil my immortal soul fibbing for you by saying you're out, you might stay out." Her cheeks were quite pink, her gray eyes quite black with righteous indignation.

"But I couldn't lose her, Mother. You see, I didn't know her name. She——"

"Great Scott! De-soap and get some clothes on, before you tell the story of your life," his father suggested.

Later in the evening Sam inquired casually: "Know any people named Brooks?"

"The Kingdon Brooks family?"

"Have they a daughter Judith?"

"Yes. They bought the big place with the tennis court. Moved here while you were South. If you'd been to the festivities at the club as I've wanted you to go, you would have met them."

If she knew how he felt about the Florida flop she wouldn't expect him to go anywhere, Sam monologued mentally. Six years out of college, and all he had to show for the bunch of gilt-edge bonds his grandfather had left him was that half acre of land. The rest of it was securely and for all time invested in a stretch of swamp. If only he'd put it into the building of houses—the thing he'd always wanted to do—houses which were real homes! Well, he hadn't. No use whining about it.

"I asked you, Sammy, if you'd met the Brooks girls," his mother's voice broke in on his regrets.

"Scuse. I met Judith today. She's studying interior decorating. Think I'll let her practice on my house."

"I thought you wanted me to do it."

"I did. But, you see, she's been watching the house grow and I know you're busy and——"

"I was only teasing, Sammy." His mother's usually sunny voice emerged from the cloud which for an instant had shadowed it. "It will be wonderful to have some one advise you who is up to date on all this modern decorative stuff. The telephone! Probably for you. Answer for yourself this time."

As Sam left the room he heard his

father say: "You're a good little sport. It had to come some time, Nelly."

SAM frowned. His father called his mother "Nelly" when he was particularly tender with her. What did he mean by, "It had to come sometime"? Was he referring to Judith? Boy! Were they hearing wedding bells? He scowled at the transmitter as he took the receiver of the telephone from its hook and answered the call. A man's excited voice responded. Sam's jaw tightened.

"Listen, Guiseppi! You've held up the furnace man, the plasterers, the electricians. You'll not get a cent till the job's finished right. Get me?"

Evidently Guiseppi got him for Sam heard his receiver bang.

Days do pass even if at times they seem to drag ball and chain. Workmen do accomplish in spite of time limit schedules, Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays as plentiful as raisins in a fluffy bread pudding. Sam Houston's sigh of relief was drenched in a solution of satisfaction as he staked a sign near the to-be-accepted sidewalk:

OPEN FOR INSPECTION

Half way up the freshly graveled path he stopped to regard the house which loomed like a pearl-and-green island entirely surrounded by a seeded lawn sea. The shingles of the roof, darkest at the eaves, paling toward the ridge, were laid to give texture and pattern. A lovable house. Like the lady of Wordsworth's poem, not too bright or good for human nature's daily food. Finished! Boy, how he'd pushed! Had to, with the wraith of interest day hovering in the offing. The minute he sold it he'd begin another. As though magnetized his eyes strayed to the knoll half way between highway and sky line. He knew just the sort of house he'd put there. He shook himself out of his dream, and glanced at his wrist.

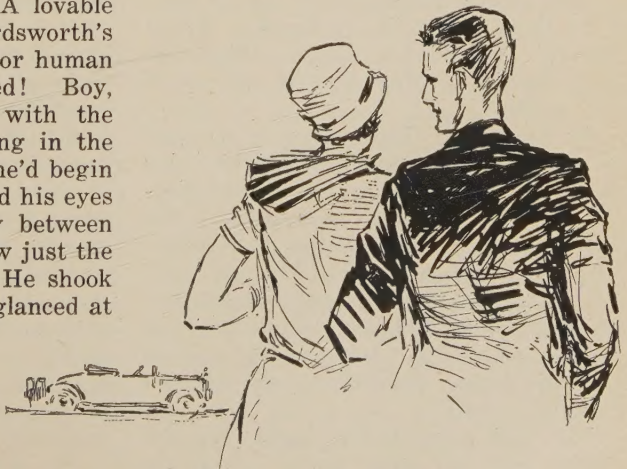
IT was almost time for Judith to come with the prospect. She'd been mysterious as possible about him; wouldn't bring him till every-

thing was finished; said that he had no imagination, that like the gentleman from Missouri he'd have to be shown.

Sam entered the house, and left the front door enticingly open. He stooped to pick up an infinitesimal speck. The windows shone. He'd cleaned them himself. The wall papers on the lower floor, in each room, melted into a silver gray ensemble. The woodwork had been stained to harmonize. The effect was modern but not so modern as to tear at one's sense of beauty. He pulled down the ironing board in the green-trimmed kitchen, tapped with his foot the inlaid linoleum tiled in gray and white. Of all the rooms this gave him the greatest thrill—excepting perhaps the master's bedroom. He dropped to a seat in the nook. He could see a gnarled apple tree, like a decrepit old beau at a bathing beach, swaggeringly hiding knobby joints under a mantle of pink and white bloom.

"The fruit on that ought to help pay the taxes if the owner takes care of it," Sam said to himself. Would the prospect appreciate the outlook from this sunny window while he bolted his breakfast before sprinting to business? No. A prospect with no imagination wouldn't get a thrill from an old tree.

He'd bet Judith was glad the job was finished. She must be dead tired of the young contractor by this time. He'd forced himself out of social retirement, had attended dinners and dances. She had turned down Ben Garvice, the club sheik, any time to talk house with him. She'd discussed colors with his mother,



Judith and Ben Garvice went down the path.

had run in and out of his home as though she belonged there. She'd given him a lot of pointers for the next house. The next! Would there be a next soon? It depended upon whether the prospect signed on the dotted line. It seemed almost too quick to be true. Boy! There he was, thinking things might go wrong! Bad habit to acquire. It was high time things broke right for him. He'd make it the business of his life from now on to believe that they would—if he worked hard to make them. Faith without work didn't do the trick.

UPSTAIRS he went from door to door. Clouded blue walls, silvered with stars, afloat with miniature pastel balloons; bouquets of primroses set off with yellow woodwork; a beige background for gay chintzes; flamy apricot walls in the black and white tiled bath. The shower curtain was "luscious"—Judith's word for it.

Voices outside! Judith and the prospect! Sam pelted down the stairs with due regard for their softly marbled surface, looked from the front door, stared. Ben Garvice! What was he doing here with that you're-the-girl-I've-been-waiting-for bend to his dark head as he smiled down at Judith? They were coming up the path together. She was dressed in a green sports suit which seemed to belong to the house. Her cheeks were pink, her eyes brilliant with excitement as she looked up and called gaily:

"Sam! You know Ben Garvice. I'm going to sell him this house."

Sam glared at the dark, ironic face. That sheik living in his house? Not a chance! He nodded curtly: "How are you, Garvice? Miss Brooks will show you round."

As he passed them entering the hall he had an impression of bright color flooding the girl's face, of her eyes blazing with indignant amazement, and heard Garvice's tormenting undertone: "Hail and farewell! Polite cuss, isn't he? I suppose he's sore about the money he dropped in Florida. Can't bear to see me successful. He probably has no business sense. He couldn't sell me anything on a bet."

Sam took a hasty step back. He saw Judith slip her arm within Garvice's. He stopped, and heard her cajole:

"Don't be mulish, Ben. What do you care of whom you buy the house if it's what we want?"

"If it's what you want me to want, you mean." Garvice laughed and closed the door with a proprietary bang behind them.

Sam glared at the green surface. So that explained it. Judith had finished the house for herself. That, "I want to make good in my profession," had been a smoke screen. Well, she might have good taste in decoration but she'd poor taste in humans. Ben Garvice was a tea hound. Wouldn't know a 2 x 4 from a ten inch board.

Hands hard in his pockets he stalked to the knoll, perched on a boulder from which he could view the back of the house. He wouldn't sell to Garvice. That was that. Up from his subconscious bubbled mocking laughter. The construction loan giving him the ha ha? Just the same, he wouldn't sell—yet.

Gorgeous weather, made for real estate deals. Any house would appeal on a day like this; a spring sun, vagrant, blossom-scented breezes, fragrance rising from stirring earth. From his pocket he pulled a blue print. As he pored over it, the marked and numbered plots fused into houses, charming houses built by one Samuel Houston, Contractor.

THE vision faded. He rolled up the plan. Was it a wild dream for him with his shred of capital? He wouldn't lean on his father—not at his age. Why should it be a wild notion? Turning dream into purpose did the trick. Always visions had preceded achievement. Fulton must have seen paddle wheels plying the Hudson before he put hand and mind to their invention. Edison must have visualized light in a glass bulb before he achieved it. Lindbergh must have imagined himself landing on Le Bourget Field long before he and his plane were ready for the attempt. Successful people picked ideas out of the air before they molded them into material things. Vision and faith in oneself to make good—that was creative ability. For an artist, pictures; for a sculptor, bronzes, marbles; for a writer, stories; for him, homes beautiful, houses and more houses.

The wings of his imagination crumpled—slightly. First he'd have to sell this

house. Already he'd struck a snag. He'd snubbed Judith and the prospect. If she wanted the house after all of herself she'd put into it, of course she should have it. He'd go back and eat humble pie, a hunk of it. It would probably choke him—but what would she care about that if she was in love with Garvice?

With the anticipatory glee of a patient approaching a dentist's office he walked toward the house. The front door closed. Judith and Ben Garvice went down the path, his arm in hers, his dark, uncovered head bent. It hadn't taken him long to decide. Probably he'd turned it down. Judith would blame the loss of the sale on his churlish greeting when she came back to tell him about it. *Wasn't* she coming! She'd stepped into the roadster. Garvice followed her. Laughing, talking, without one backward glance they drove away.

SAM laid a hand on a pearly shingle of his house, tenderly as though to comfort for the slight, possessively as though to make it feel his protection. They'd turned down his house, built on the wreck of his small inheritance. He swallowed hard: "Blame Garvice, he won't get it now if he comes on his knees," he said under his breath. "He had a nice little business put into his mouth with a silver spoon the day he was born. I'll bet he takes as many chances in life as a goldfish in a bowl."

The golden morning silvered to afternoon. The OPEN FOR INSPECTION invitation enticed passers by. Always with the eyes of his mind on the road for Judith's roadster, the ears of his mind listening for the purr of the engine—she'd planned to be on hand all day to talk selling points—Sam showed them about. After a while he could tag the visitors with the accuracy of a Bertillon expert; the curious, the tepidly interested, the can't-buy-till-we-sell-our-house type, the home-seekers who in-

quired about schools, churches, garden possibilities, maid-being-lonely probabilities. Over and over he expatiated on the economy of the heating system; demonstrated the ironing board till the hinges on it squeaked protest; called attention to the kitchen ventilator, to the long mirror—watched the women to the last one smooth down their hips before it; exhibited the folding stairs.

Departing via the front door some would patronize, "Not large enough." Others deplored the silver-gray living room; it would make their furnishings look out of date. A few complained that

there were too many rooms. Only one frankly declared that the house was perfect, but that she couldn't afford it. Sam liked her. He liked her dark eyes, the whimsical curve of her lips, wished that he might file the price to fit, wondered why the others couldn't have praised what they liked—every one must have seen something that appealed—instead of feeling compelled to run it down. He'd bet any one of them would gobble it, house, garage, and folding stairs,

if he'd lower his price.

As he locked the front door and slipped the key into his pocket, birds were gossiping in the old apple tree as they prepared to nest for the night. The big copper sun plunged into a sea of afterglow and presumably sank to the other side of the world.

At the wheel of his roadster he looked back at the house into which he had wrought dreams, labor, love. There hadn't been a real prospect among the whole bunch of "Oh-ing!" "Ah-ing!" "Umm-ing!" faultfinding visitors. His tired eyes brightened. Just the same, the house was a knock-out. He was a quitter to get so low after only one day's try. If Judith had been there the thing would have been a joke. She never ridiculed people or their belongings—just saw the funny side of them. She'd let him down today, all right, and for that

Prayer

By MARY POLLARD TYNES

A SONG is such
A lovely thing
That we should try
Each day to sing.

For song can lift
From hearts worn gray
The aches that fret
Life's hours away.

If song of mine
Such joy can bring
God! Give me strength
To sing—and sing!

sheik, Garvice. From molehill to mountain loomed his anger.

His mother met him in the mellow hall of the spacious house his grandfather had built years and years ago. Her gray eyes were black with interest, her cheeks were pink, she wore the filmy amethyst gown he liked. Her teeth between parted lips were white as the pearls about her throat, as she asked eagerly:

"Any nibbles on the house?"

"Nothing doing," Sam snapped curtly.

THE light went out of her face. He was a brute, he told himself, to answer like that when she was so interested. He—the telephone! Perhaps some one who had looked at the house had decided he liked it. Eagerly he picked up the receiver in the hall: "Sam Houston speaking."

Judith's voice answered with an excited break: "I've sold it! I've sold the house!"

"To whom?"

"Ben Garvice."

"Well, that sheik can't have it."

"Why, Sam Houston——"

He hung up the receiver, shot by his mother and started up the stairs. She called: "Fresh asparagus from the garden, lots of it, and Hilda's strawberry shortcakes for dinner. Don't be late."

Curious how the suggestion of "eats" ironed out his ruffled temper, Sam reflected as he reached the upper hall. Now that he thought of it, he'd skipped lunch. In his tumult of mind over Judith and Garvice, the flood of visitors, he'd forgotten to eat. He leaned over the balusters and called: "Whole bunch of people looking at the house. Tell you all about it when I come down. I'm starving."

He fared showerward, whistling. Guess he'd live to fight another day—without being disagreeable to his mother, either, he thought with remorseful tenderness. He forgot sometimes that he was all the son she had left, and that the Florida slump had hurt her unbearably because she so hated to have him hurt.

At dinner he described the adventures of the day, the comments. They seemed amusing, now that he was no longer hungry. All the while he was conscious of mauve iris and pale yellow tapers—thin flames and the satin sheen of damask—

his father's aristocratic white head—his mother's gallant eyes—Hilda's spectacularly crimson shortcakes—mints in sparkling crystal. He'd seen it all before, hundreds of times, but somehow tonight the beauty and comfort held a deeper and richer significance.

"What did Judith think of the criticism of her silver-gray living room? She's mad about it," his mother sympathized.

"She wasn't there."

"Wasn't there! Why I thought——" began Houston senior.

His wife nimbly interrupted, "The woman who wouldn't fall down and worship that breakfast nook has the soul of a barbarian—if a barbarian has a soul."

Sam agreed eagerly: "I'll say she has. From the window the apple tree looked like a pink-and-white popcorn ball today. Who's that?" he demanded as the front door opened and closed. His father rose, but he just sat and stared as Judith Brooks appeared in the doorway. She was hatless. A lock of soft dark hair drooped to one eyebrow—Sam's fingers twitched to smooth it back—and her hands were thrust hard into the pockets of an orange velvet coat beneath which the soft yellows and greens of a frivolous chiffon frock were visible. Ignoring the elder Houstons—if she saw them—she fixed wrathful, dark eyes on their son.

"What do you mean, Sam Houston! Turning down my prospect after I've spent all day getting him to sign on the dotted line!" She pulled a paper from her pocket. "There's the agreement your father drew up for us with Ben's signature."

Sam's eyes and jaw hardened.

"I won't sell to Garvice."

"Why won't you sell to Garvice? Afraid he isn't good for it?"

"I know that he isn't good enough for you."

SAM heard his mother's little gasp. From the corners of his eyes he saw her hand go up to meet the hand his father laid on her shoulder. Houston senior waved toward a chair:

"Sit down, Miss Brooks. You're keeping our young contractor standing."

Sam felt the color mount to his hair as he sprang to his feet. Say! He must have looked the boob sitting there star-

(Turn to page 27)

*Discouraged?
Read this.*

The Tenth Man

A Remarkable True Story of Faith and Pluck

When Jesus healed the ten lepers, only one returned to give thanks. Will you be the tenth man of today? Have you found that Truth helps you at school, in your athletics, socially, or in regard to health or prosperity? Give thanks by sharing your experience with other young people. Address your letter to Editor of Youth Magazine. Please sign your letter; we shall not print your name unless you request it.

THE following letter has a message for every reader of *Youth*. It tells a story of faith and pluck such as we have seldom known. Its author is making a remarkable demonstration of Truth principles against odds that would have discouraged a less courageous spirit. Read it; watch your own problems shrink; and take new faith from the faith of this young Truth student.

While the editor of *Youth* was lecturing in California recently he called on Marguerite at her home in Los Angeles.

She is a sunny little person, sixteen years old, who has been an invalid for ten years. Because of this she has had very little schooling, but she has had some instruction at home, is an omnivorous reader, and writes and speaks like a person older than her years. She is now a student of the Orthopedic Hospital school. "Next term I am going to Opportunity High. I like that name much better than Orthopedic Hospital school. It doesn't seem so suggestive of negative things," she says. But here is her letter:

"Dear Editor:

"I was perfectly well until I was six years old; I had never had a sick day. One morning when I went to school a little boy got very excited as the school bell rang, and knocked me down as I was going up the steps. My right leg was broken near the hip. Then the principal and a girl tried to make me walk, as they did not believe that my leg was broken. To make matters worse, the doctor I had did not set the bone correctly. Consequently the bone became a large lump; in fact it did not knit for six months. After all this damage was done and almost beyond repair, the doctor turned me over to a bone specialist who imme-

diately put my leg into a steel brace which I did not take off for one whole year. You can imagine what kind of a leg it was when the brace was taken off; nothing but one long thin bone with the skin drawn tightly over it; all the muscles had wasted away.

"By this time my other leg had become weakened, carrying the full weight of my body and that of the steel brace, and I fell and broke it. Of course the doctors filled me full of medicine, in which I didn't have much faith because a little voice within me would say, 'God is the only one that knows how to heal a broken temple.' At this time we were not in Truth. I would no sooner get over one break than I would have another, either an arm or a leg. So you see I spent most of my time in bed. I was hurt in several accidents too. One morning I was in a school bus and a street car ran into us. Of eighteen passengers I was the only one hurt. I had five ribs and my leg broken besides cuts and bruises; I did not get over the shock until two years ago. I was in the hospital a long time, then I went home and was getting along fine until I fell, breaking two bones in each leg below the knees. This time I stayed in the hospital eight months. The doctors all told my mother and father that I would not live very long as I had everything under the sun the matter with me. Consequently they took little care of me; my bones began to grow crooked, my spine curved, the ribs on my left side fastened and grew to the ribs on my right side, my kidneys were way up near my heart; sometimes I thought I would smother. My stomach was all matted together. I was so weak I could not hold myself up. I was only three feet tall

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*Tennis, but
no love set*

For the Cup

By Ruth H. Colby

Part I

"SHE'S very pretty, don't you think?"

"Why, yes." The answer came in a level, unenthusiastic tone. "Very, if you care for that type, dark and foreign." The speaker was Martha Prescott.

"Her mother was Italian, they say," Janet Kitson added.

"Oh, I heard Spanish. She has the loveliest dark eyes." Helen Anderson spoke enthusiastically again.

Martha Prescott felt a little pang. Helen and Janet were her best friends. The three were seniors at Longmeadows high school. Martha had been the leader since the days of gingham dresses and grade school. While Helen and Janet were closest to her, Martha was popular in school, had been junior president, and was now class secretary in her senior year. It was customary at Longmeadows to give the senior presidency to a boy.

Now Martha realized that her supremacy was threatened by a newcomer. And such a newcomer, bringing with her all the lure of foreign lands, a slightly

foreign accent, and charming foreign manners.

Instinctively Martha placed herself on the defensive.

"Her eyes *are* lovely," she answered Helen. "But don't you think her nose is rather—well, prominent?"

"I hadn't noticed," said Helen honestly. "I'll look."

And Martha smiled.

"Let's go down to the courts," said Janet. "We need some practice and they say the freshies are trying out. It's a heavenly tennis day. Come on."

Longmeadows was a tennis town. Young and old played. The best player in town was the minister, Harvard graduate, former member of the university tennis team, and still almost unbeatable. The principal of the high school was his closest rival. And Mrs. Brown, owner of Longmeadows' most thriving poultry farm, had been the women's state champion twice and a runner-up in the national play at Forest Hills.

Small wonder that the town talked and played tennis; that there was a string of

Face the Camera, Please!

RUTH H. Colby says that her life history is not exciting, but our observation has been that authors who write interesting stories are themselves interesting. She says: "I was born in California, but came east when two months old. So my western recollections are not valuable! Then of course school, college—Smith—a trip abroad, and then teaching, with summers spent in Maine, swimming, sailing, motoring."

"Add tennis and you have my favorite sports."

"For a hobby, add my small Boston terrier who considers herself the most important member of the family."



"My last two summers have been spent as has this one, in summer school, working for a master's degree."

"That is really all there is—except that I love to write."

courts behind the high school and three on the village green, with a real grandstand beside them, with tiers of wooden seats. Longmeadows took its tennis fervently.

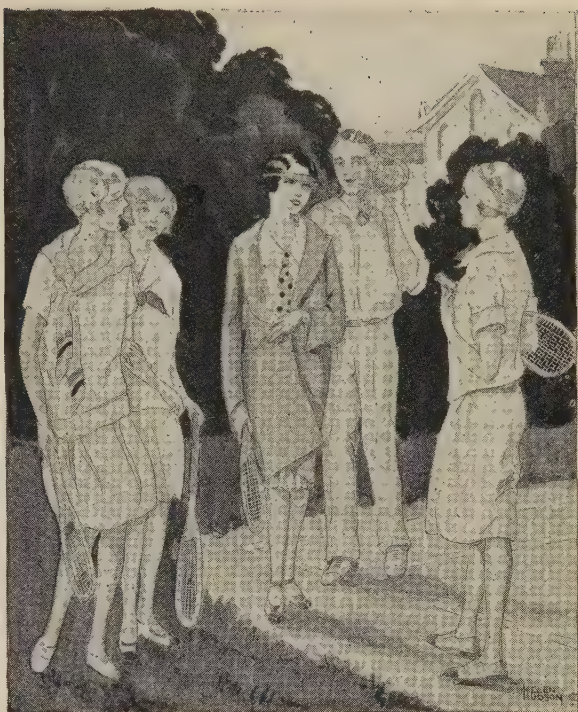
Naturally Longmeadows high school played tennis, spring and fall. Baseball, football, basket ball too; but always tennis.

And the Longmeadows civic association, perhaps with an eye out for future champions, perhaps for sheer love of the sport itself, had donated two cups to the Longmeadows high school. One went to the class which won the boys' interclass singles tournament, and one to the class which won the same for the girls. The tournaments were played off in the fall, the really thrilling finals being the last of October. Then the silver cups, kept in a high state of polish, reposed until the close of school in the session room of the winning class. They were kept on a shelf under the class banner, and proud was the room that held one of them. Longmeadows was so small a school that the four classes were accommodated in four large rooms.

No class at Longmeadows ever waited till senior year to choose class colors. The first meeting a freshman class held was to elect officers *and* choose a color. This color was theirs through the following four years. No other class might take it from them. Townspeople said class colors had two objects; one to wave at the games, and the other to be displayed in a huge banner in the session room under which at least one of the silver cups might at some time rest.

During the past year, to the intense delight of all but the seniors, both cups had reposed under the purple banner of the juniors. Martha Prescott had won the girls' cup and Dick Semons the boys'. Needless to say, freshman and sophomore rooms rarely held either of the cups. But both to the juniors! It was unusual.

Now that the purple banner had moved into the senior room the school was convinced that both the cups would rest under that same purple. Weren't both Dick and Martha seniors?



"I see you copy our Helen Wills."

"Oh, Martha, Janet, Helen, have you heard the news?" Betty Blake, probably the best junior player in the school, dashed toward the three. She and Martha were old rivals. Betty, as a sophomore, had given Martha more trouble for the championship last year than any other player.

Now Betty's eyes were sparkling.

"You'll have to look out, Martha. The juniors are going to win the cup. They say she's played on the Riviera, and at Wimbledon—before Queen Mary, even. And she's a junior, a junior." Betty was fairly chanting.

"Before a queen. And they say she's met King Alfonso. She's Spanish, you know; and he's a great tennis player."

Martha Prescott did not need to ask whom Betty meant. Her cheeks flushed angrily. She looked at Janet and Helen. They were gazing entranced at Betty. Janet's mouth, as well as her eyes, was wide open.

But Martha managed a cool tone.

"How awfully interesting. Longmeadows must bore her terribly. Perhaps she won't condescend to play here, after Wimbledon." A little hope sprang up in Martha's mind only to be dashed by Betty.

"Don't you worry, Martha. She's promised. She's awfully excited over the tournament and the cup. Says she's so glad she has come to a place that loves tennis. A little bird tells me that the juniors are going to get the cup." Betty laughed teasingly.

Martha, by an effort of will, produced a smile. "Don't be too sure. We haven't seen her play yet. Come on, Jan and Helen. Let's go down to the courts."

The three moved on. But the last word was Betty's. The accent was not comforting.

"I have."

The three strolled down to a court where a mass of bobbed-haired youngsters cheered shrilly. They paused a moment condescendingly.

"Dorothy Wainwright and Mabel Upton," murmured Martha. "Not so bad for freshies."

Even as she spoke, Dorothy Wainwright, a tiny, fair-haired freshman, ran in to the net, vollied successfully three successive times, leaping in the air for the third shot at least a foot and placing it so cleverly that point, game, and set were hers.

The three joined in the applause and then, with a single motive, drifted down toward the end court, where a dark-haired, slender figure in a sleeveless white dress could be seen.

"Whom is she playing with?" said Janet.

"It looks like—it can't be—of all things!" Martha's tone mounted indignantly.

For Margarita Wilson, much discussed addition to Longmeadows high school, was playing with Dick Semons, hope of the seniors.

What was more, she had Dick on the run. Her placement was excellent. Even as they approached they saw Dick run in to the net, saw Margarita lob over his head, and heard him call, "Your game."

Margarita picked up the balls and began to serve. Martha watched eagerly. She saw a straight speedy smash, well under control.

"She surely can play," Janet and Helen breathed in unison.

"Dick has no business wasting practice on her. He's positively a traitor." Martha was glad to find excuse for her mounting wrath.

"Oh, come, Martha. There's no rule about friendly games."

"Well, there evidently ought to be." Martha's face, usually sunny, looked positively disagreeable.

The two finished their game. Margarita picked up an extremely smart rose-colored coat and slipped it on, approaching the three girls.

"Her nose is large," murmured Helen.

And again Martha smiled.

"I see you copy our Helen Wills," she said, nodding at Margarita's eyeshade which she was just slipping off.

"But yes. It is so sensible, is it not, and your American sun—our sun, I mean, is so very bright."

"We let the foreigners copy her." Martha really sounded disagreeable.

"Then I am in most excellent company. Even Tokuko Moriwake, woman champion of Japan, wears one. Her pictures are so lovely. But I am not a foreigner, you know. Surely Wilson is quite American, is it not?"



UNDERWOOD PHOTO

Helen Wills

Even your so-great president—though we cannot claim relationship.”

“But Margarita is not.”

“No, that was my mother’s, my Spanish mother’s; and so I like it.”

Martha felt rebuked. For a moment she was silent.

“But you are going to play? I wish I might stay. My aunt is waiting for me.”

And Margarita, with Dick accompanying, made her graceful adieus and left the courts.

And so the feud started.

Martha and Margarita were both too well bred to show it openly. When Miss

Patricia Wilson, Margarita’s aunt, gave a party for her niece, Martha sent flowers and attended. Incidentally she had a wonderful time, for it was a wonderful party.

When Martha was in the house for a week with a bad throat Margarita brought her jellied broth and magazines, some with gay foreign covers. In one of the latter was a picture of Tokuko Moriwake receiving a large silver cup from a frock-coated countryman. She *was* lovely and she wore a Helen Wills eyeshade. Martha sniffed.

(Conclusion next month)

I BUILT a chimney for a comrade old;
And Love’s sweet wages were my only hire
And then I traveled on in winter’s cold,
Yet all the day I glowed before the fire.
—Edwin Markham

Healing and Prosperity Thoughts

October 20 to November 19

Through Christ I am steadfast in my spiritual consciousness of the unfailing health and strength of God.

STEADFASTNESS in affirming the word of Truth is essential to one who would demonstrate spiritually. “If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will, and it shall be done unto you.” This promise is to those who *abide* in the Christ thought, and ask—persistently ask—and give thanks that they have received. “If ye shall ask anything in my name, that will I do.” You can have health, wealth, and happiness. Whatever you desire will come to you if you hold steadily to the enduring presence and power of the Christ mind.

Thousands are demonstrating health and strength in this way!

Through Christ I am steadfast in my spiritual consciousness of the abundant prosperity of God.

ENDURING prosperity may be demonstrated by any one who will build up a prosperity consciousness. Man’s prosperity consciousness proves enduring or otherwise, according to the foundation upon which it is built.

The rich men of the world have as a rule built their prosperity upon a material consciousness, and their possessions are impermanent. Prosperity built upon a spiritual consciousness will endure throughout the ages.

No one can determine how long it will take to get the prosperity thought into circulation in any one mind. Broadcast your thoughts and trust the divine law for your good.



Principles T

WE believe we could find several principles back of the success of the Chinese school boy, Harry Lee (left), winner of a half dozen athletic events in Oakland, California school contests—and of David Corizosa, Mexico's champion runner who is shown here (lower right) the flying finish of a 3,000-meter race, in the Olympic try-out in Mexico City.

CORNELIUS Osgood, young student at the University of Chicago



UNDERWOOD PHOTOS

ract Interest

so deeply interested in the principles of anthropology and ethnology, that he has recently started on a fifteen months' trip into the Great Bear Lake region of north-western Canada, north of the Arctic circle, to live among the strange Eskimo Indians of that region. If he succeeds in winning their confidence he will be the first white man to do so.

OUTSTANDING achievements and qualities are the "principle"



ons for the selection of these in "Eagle Rank" Boy Scouts among thousands throughout the United States, as candidates for membership in the Martinson expedition on a camera safari into Africa. The committee which will make a final selection of from the number includes Col. Theodore Roosevelt.

E these young ladies compute interest on principal or principle attracting interest? They probably can do both. Anyway this poor class at Smith college is interesting because of—well, the set—shall we say?

ext month, "Many Thanks!")



Thought Stretchers

Think



HENRY Ford, when asked how he rose from working mechanic to automobile manufacturer, replied: "I kept on thinking." The huge United States Steel Corporation sprang from thinking—from thinking done by Charles M. Schwab.

What makes one man worth \$10,000 a year and another worth only \$1,000? The difference in their minds, in their power to think.

A horse is stronger than any man. Why are a man's services worth more than a horse's? Because man can *think*. As civilization progresses, more work is done by machinery. But not even Edison can ever invent a machine to take the place of a man whose work needs thought.

You want to get ahead, to earn a moderate fortune, if possible. You have a gold mine within yourself—in *your mind*. Dig out the ore by thinking.—*Selected.*

The Divine Strategy

NO soul can be forever banned,
Eternally bereft:

Whoever falls from God's right hand
Is caught into His left.

—*Edwin Markham.*

Unanimous!

DIOGENES' search for an honest man has a refreshing variation in the search for an "oldster" who is against the youngsters. The search is vain. Flaming youth's glow of enthusiasm has melted the Puritanical reserve of an earlier time and—we are all young together.

The Congregationalist describes the search:

A Cleveland group of young people who are helping the secretary for young people's work to formulate the program for 1929 decided that one of their main obligations was "to establish right relations between the younger and older generations." They became so interested in the idea that they set to work to do

something about it. . . . One of the members, having interviewed several older people, came back with what was to the young people a surprising report: "Every one with whom I talk about it seems to be for the young people. Where can I find some one who isn't?"

The "oldsters" are for the youngsters. It is only a matter of sensing the common basis. This assurance may be secured by praise of the good, for, to paraphrase a much worn jingle:

There's so much Christ in the youth
of us,

And so much youth in the whole of us,
That it much becomes any of us
To praise the good in all of us.

—*E. K.*

Money Ruined Him

A YOUNG man inherited a million dollars.

He had always been poor, before the million suddenly dropped into his lap. The newspapers gave wide publicity to the case. Editors commented on it and wondered whether the youth would be able to stand prosperity. His friends shook their heads and hoped that he would not seek the primrose path. Apparently everybody expected him to dip deeply into the fleshpots—and so he did. Then the prophets of disaster congratulated themselves on their acumen, and said, "Money ruined him."

Money never has ruined anybody. It merely helps one to do what he thinks he wants to do. The man with a boil on his neck does not blame the boil. He admits that it is the result of impurities that are in his body; that the boil is an outlet for poisons. Some day the world will be as sane in judging the person whose head is turned by wealth. It will simply say: "Some impure ideas are boiling out of him. He'll feel better soon."

—*Clinton E. Bernard.*

Song

GIVE work, give joy, give gold.

Give all that life can hold;

And then, as day must follow night,
So shall your soul find peace and light.

—*Elinor C. Woolson; Weekly Unity.*

Grin Stretchers

Get a Shoe Horn

Barnum—"Too bad about that lion tamer, isn't it?"

Bailey—"How's that?"

Barnum—"He's so swelled up over his press notices that he can't get his head in the lion's mouth.—*College Humor*.

Bearly Possible

First Hunter—"What would you do if you saw a bear?"

Second Hunter—"I'd climb a tree."

First—"But don't you know that bears can climb trees?"

Second—"Yeh, I know that, but my tree would shake too hard."—*The Loud-speaker*.

Two Guesses

Dick—"If I asked you to marry me, dear, what would you say?"

Joan—"Guess."

"Well—er—what would it rhyme with?"

"Guess."—*Selected*.

On Second Thought

Bessie had a new dime to invest in an ice cream soda.

"Why don't you give your dime to the missions?" said the minister, who was calling.

"I thought about that," said Bessie, "But I think I'll buy the ice cream soda and let the druggist give it to the missions."—*Stratford Beacon-Herald*.

Tele-graphic Style

One predicts a future for the school-boy who wrote the following terse narrative about Elisha:

"There was a man named Elisha. He had some bears and lived in a cave. Some boys tormented him. He said: 'If you keep on throwing stones at me, I'll turn the bears loose and they'll eat you up.' And they did and he did and the bears did."—*Mizpah*.

First Appearance

"Where does the early robin appear first?"

"In the newspapers."—*Selected*.



Unworthy Rivals

Lindbergh has requested the department to keep crows off the fields where he is to land.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

Proud of It

Mary—I didn't know Ted had any idea of marrying you.

Ann—He hadn't—it was entirely my own idea.—*Life*.

A Warm Reception

W. H. P. writes: "A batch of jokes I sent to the editors were rejected as no good, but when I threw them in the stove the fire just roared."—*Boston Transcript*.

To Buy a Saxophone?

On a card in the front window of a suburban house appeared the following notice: "A piano for sale." In the window next door another card appeared with just one word: "Hurrah!"—*Epworth Herald*.

Finesse

"Now, dear, you need not be frightened," said a mother, as she kissed her little daughter goodnight. "I'm going to take away the candle, but remember there's an angel by your bed to take care of you."

"Oh, Mummy," said the little girl, "couldn't you take away the angel, and let me have the candle?"

Or Ark., U. S. A.

Teacher—"Now, we all know about Noah's ark. Do you know of any other ark?"

Tommy—"Yes, miss, the one the 'erald hangels sing."—*Tit Bits*.

Youth in the Business World

He Goes Farthest Who Serves Best

By A. J. Peel

LAST month we discussed the type of work which is required in business offices, and some of the qualifications necessary, including typewriting and shorthand. We are now going to consider one other subject which is most valuable in office work, and we will then consider salaries and prospects of advancement. Let us not forget, however, that in discussing these human conditions in modern business life we must not lose sight of the great fact that there is a spiritual law which, if understood, will enable us to overcome the limitations of the so-called "law of supply and demand" and all other limited thoughts which might prevent us from achieving the highest good that is the right of every boy and girl, every young man and woman.

Many young people who have no intention of becoming bookkeepers or accountants think that a knowledge of bookkeeping is unnecessary for one in a stenographic or clerical position. Many young men and women in offices get along without it, but this does not mean that they would not have improved their position and increased their value to their employers had they known something of the elements of bookkeeping. I am talking now, not to those of you who want to be bookkeepers and accountants—you, of course, will have to learn these subjects thoroughly before you can successfully hold a position in a business office—but to those who are looking toward stenographic work and general clerical duties.

The demand for stenographers and private secretaries who know something of bookkeeping—at least sufficient to enable them to keep the simple accounts of the man for whom they are working—is increasing all the time. Harmony and order are divinely natural in God's universe, yet there are thousands of business men and women whose affairs are discordant because they have neglected the simple demands which common sense

—and "common sense" is the expression of divine intelligence—dictates. One of the great essentials in business and even in one's private affairs, is an orderly and systematic method of accounting for income and expenditure. Even the law of the land demands this now, and no business man can prepare his income tax return without some kind of scientific record of the sources of his income and of the ways in which it has been expended.

Many stenographers, both young men and women, have increased their value to their employers—and consequently their salaries, for the law of God is that we always get a just return for our labor—by learning the principles of simple bookkeeping. A stenographer who can look after the private accounts of her employer is paid, usually, several dollars more a week than the girl who is not competent to undertake this work.

Now I know exactly what some of you are thinking: "I hate *figures*. I'm no good at this kind of work at all! Bookkeeping is much too difficult for me to learn." This is where you are making a mistake right at the start. You cannot afford to hate anything; in fact, you must not if you would be successful. As for figures and their application to the problems of business and daily living, don't you know that the science of mathematics (*figures*) is the only absolute human science in the world? All other "sciences" change with the progress of human thinking, but the laws of mathematics never change. No, you must respect figures for they represent real values; they are eternal ideas.

You must know that you can do anything and learn anything that it is necessary for you to do or to learn, for the divine intelligence will help you, as it will everybody else.

And now for the very human side of this matter: People make a very big mistake when they think that bookkeeping is a difficult subject to learn. It is not,

I am speaking now only of the simple principles which are necessary to the keeping of a proper record of money coming in, money going out, financial obligations, banking transactions, and the other common things that enter into the private financial business of business men.

There are schools and courses in which a sufficient knowledge may be obtained in bookkeeping, in a few months, to fit a young woman or man for this duty. In a school with which I am associated, a six weeks' course in secretarial bookkeeping to girls in business, and to college graduates, has proved sufficient to enable them to secure good positions. A full accounting course takes from two to four years, but that is for young men and women who want to make accountancy their chief occupation, and we are not discussing that here.

The business world could get along, at a pinch, without typewriting, shorthand, and certain other types of clerical work, but business could not be conducted one day without bookkeeping. A few weeks ago a young woman who was a college graduate and an excellent stenographer applied for a position as private secretary to a well-known business man in Boston. He was pleased with her and had almost engaged her, when he said: "Of course I shall expect you to keep my private accounts. They are quite simple, but because they are private I cannot give the work to any one in the office." The girl had reluctantly to admit that she knew nothing about bookkeeping, and she was not engaged.

Concerning the subject of salaries, let

us remember always that we do not work for a living—we *live*, move, and have our being in God—but this does not prevent us from seeking information as to the compensation that is paid for different types of work.

Let us consider, first of all, the youth who purposes starting business life as junior stenographer. What can he expect to receive as salary? The readers of *Youth* are scattered all over the world, so you will understand that the salaries which I am going to mention may not apply exactly to the place where you are living. If you know only typewriting, in addition to the ordinary school subjects, you can expect to receive from \$10 to \$15 a week to start, but if in addition to typewriting you know shorthand, then you should receive from \$15 to \$20 a week. A college graduate would receive a few dollars more in most large cities, and the average starting wage for college graduates with a knowledge of shorthand and typewriting, is \$27 a week, though some receive \$35 a week.

The aim of many stenographers is to become private secretaries. The work is often quite responsible, and a great deal of detail falls to the lot of the average private secretary. The average salary for a private secretary in a business office varies from \$30 to \$40 a week, but I personally know some private secretaries, whose qualifications are much more than a knowledge of stenography and bookkeeping, that receive from \$75 to \$100 a week. They started as stenographers and fitted themselves for the higher responsibilities. As a general

(Turn to page 27)

For Business Success

A Meditation

I WORK for God, the Head of the firm. He is a just employer, and He gives me the task for which I am best fitted and in which I can best fit myself for higher service. I give Him my best and He compensates me generously, in many unexpected ways, through many unforeseen channels.

I have no fear or worry about my position. My one concern is to do my best, and to make my best constantly better.

I would be the open channel through which He serves. I would be alert to hear and to heed His quiet voice of instruction. I would glorify Him through honest, efficient, progressive service. I would, I will, I do—through Christ!

*To Nicodemus
once seemed enough*

The Puzzle of Nicodemus

Giving Birth to a New Idea Was a Hard Task for Him

By Ernest C. Wilson

IF WISDOM were electricity, egoism would be a non-conductor. Second-rate men find it difficult to accept new ideas. They feel that they are lowering their dignity to admit that there may be better ways of doing things than their ways, or that others may have superior wisdom.

The chief priests, the elders, and the scribes of Jesus' day were placed in the embarrassing position of wanting to hear what He had to say and yet of lacking the courage to admit that they might learn something from Him. Nicodemus was one of these.

Lacking the courage to come to Jesus openly, he sought Him out by night.

"We know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him," said Nicodemus.

Jesus did not make it very easy for him. His answer was as confusing as any that He had uttered publicly:

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Nicodemus was puzzled. "How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?"

Jesus answered: "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

Nicodemus was more confused than before. "How can these things be?" he puzzled.

And Jesus answered, "Art thou a mas-

ter of Israel, and knowest not these things?"

THE very simplicity of Jesus' statement was disarming. Accustomed to the theological hair-splittings of the Pharisees, Nicodemus was unprepared for Jesus' straightforward statement of the Truth. Even today we are somewhat pharisaical in this regard. We have so tried to formalize the informal religion of Jesus that we are prone to interpret Him in terms of our formalism, instead of interpreting our formalism in terms of Him.

The statement that we cannot enter the kingdom of God unless we are born of water and of the Spirit has been made the Biblical authority for water baptism. It may include that; but certainly it is not only that.

Water is the age-old symbol of lustration. It symbolizes the spiritual cleansing that accompanies regeneration. Baptism is an interior experience, in which, as Paul said, "Ye put away, as concerning your former manner of life, the old man that waxeth corrupt after the lusts of deceit; and that ye be renewed in the spirit of your mind, and put on the new man, that after God hath been created in righteousness and holiness of truth." Well, that is a formidable sentence that, shorn of phrases, means giving up the falsities of the flesh for the truths of the spirit.

It is strange how afraid we are of that idea. We are not really so sinful or so eager to sin as we believe ourselves to be, or as we wish others to believe that we are. But we are afraid of becoming conspicuous; afraid that our friends will think we are becoming "up stage"; that we are no longer regular fellows; afraid, too, that we may not quite succeed in expressing our ideals, and that, having given up—at least by



WM. THOMPSON PHOTO

announcement—our old ways, we shall have lost out on both scores and be neither of earth nor of heaven!

ACTUALLY of course we never can hide our real selves from discerning eyes, nor can we actually hide our own idea of ourselves from those eyes. All that we do, even when we are trying to bluff, and when we think we are "getting away with it," simply serves to make more obvious the idea of ourselves which we entertain. We are the last persons to see through our shams and our self-deceptions. When we do, and when we resolve to have done with them; when we desire to express our true selves sufficiently to live by them, the very forces of heaven rush to our aid. A thousand errors are erased. We are spiritually cleansed.

The baptism by water is a dramatization of that experience.

MORE literally being born of water and of the Spirit may well be considered as referring not to one birth—and that the second birth—but to two births, the first and the second. The first birth marks our entry into the kingdom of earth. The second birth marks our conscious entry into the kingdom of Spirit, the kingdom of God. Consequently we must include both births if we are to enter into both kingdoms.

Since all of us have gone through the first birth Jesus placed the emphasis on the results of the second birth.

It is a tremendous picture which is opened up by Jesus' statement.

The dust of Adam is still in our eyes. We still view life from a somewhat material point of view. It brings up to our mind's eye (and it is the mind's eye which passes judgment on the report of the body's eye) the pageant of life on the earth.

Let us consider that pageant for a moment. Let us consider it not only in terms of our present day world of radios and airplanes and other mechanistic complexities. All these things represent only a few seconds on the face of the clock of time. We are a bit ego-centric, a bit inclined to see the world in terms of our own little sphere of activities, of our work and play, our loves and hates, our successes and failures, what "he" said, and what "I" said. And surely, oh, very surely, it is not only for this that life—God's life—has been pressing onward and outward and upward through countless streams of life.

Streams of life! Yes, that is it! Widen your horizon a bit. Let your vision broaden. View the orderly march through time; the teeming life, mineral, vegetable, floral, animal. Whence came this life? Answer that question and

you have answered the puzzle of Nicodemus. But there are two answers.

The first answer is the literal one. This life of which we are so much a part, and yet from which we are so much apart, first came out of the water. Was not the seething sea the restless cradle of life's beginnings, and has not all of life since then been swarming up out of that watery cradle, reaching out with spores and with roots and with leaves, crawling upon its belly, creeping upon its first wobbly little legs, fluttering with its first feeble wings of flight, learning at last to be free-moving upon the earth and to be free-moving in the sea and to be free-flying in the air—preparing, always preparing for the advent of the children of men who should one day know themselves to be the children of God? Was it not upon that same vast sea, while the earth was void of form, and while darkness was upon the face of the deep, that “the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters”—and called forth His creation?

Is not this same awe-inspiring drama repeated for us, in our own little preparation for entering the kingdom of earth? During those months preparatory to our advent, before ever our eyes open upon the great drama of this larger creation, and before ever our first baby cry is heard, the Spirit of God “moves” in that tiny, growing form that is to be the place of meeting between the vast kingdom here hastily reviewed, and that other kingdom which yet we are to know. And that tiny form, cradled in water somewhat like the first cradling of life, passes rapidly through the various forms which found their way into the earth and upon it, and into the air, and even back again into and upon the sea.

Ah, here is the marvelous first birth—of water! For all life that lives in the kingdom of earth found its first cradle upon the sea.

By this first birth we are identified with the kingdoms of the earth; and shun them not, O children of men. Let us instead bow reverently before their patience, their brave, courageous part in the process that has helped us to have manifestation. Let us love them instead and bless them, and through them behold the love and wisdom of Him who planned and charted the way through them for us.

And of the second birth? Did we not almost reveal it when we said of our own absorption in material things, that it was not for these small ends alone that God's great plan was set in motion, not for this alone that His creation has lived through the ages. If not alone for this, for what, then? We almost answered this question of the second birth again when we considered whence came this teeming life. Outwardly, we have said, it came from the water. Outwardly, yes. But is that enough to say? Can we leave the question there?

Has not all this life, with its upward, onward push of progress, come from the heart of God? From the great heart that has planned lovingly for us to express Him? And are we not born again by knowing this? Born again when, recognizing that we have proceeded out from His great loving heart, we turn back to it once more and find our oneness with Him and with His purposes of good?

The first birth, of water, identifies us with the kingdom of earth; the second birth, of Spirit, identifies us with the kingdom of heaven; and the purpose of the first birth is only that we may experience the second; that earth may be fulfilled in heaven; that the son of the kingdom of earth may come to know himself a son of heaven.

O Nicodemus, “art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things!”

The New *Youth* Calendar

THE statements for the 1929 Unity Calendar have been selected from *Youth* magazine. We believe our readers will be proud of the Calendar, proud to present it to their friends. The designs by Rickert Fillmore are unusually attractive. The colors are brown, blue, and white, on heavy buff paper. Price, 50 cents. Order from Unity, 917 Tracy, Kansas City, Mo.

Open for Inspection

(Concluded from page 12)

ing at her. But she was so lovely, so like a—a bunch of jonquils. She was quite oblivious of his father's ironic pleasantry, refused to be diverted, carried on furiously:

"Not good enough for me? You're crazy. What has his being good or not good enough for me to do with Ben's buying that house?"

"Isn't he buying it for you?"

"For me!"

Honest amazement in the exclamation or he'd eat his hat, Sam told himself. His heart sprouted wings.

The girl went on: "For me! Silly! He's buying it for his sister who's coming here to live. He's made a lot of money in this market and he wants to salt some down for her while he's sure of it. I'm to furnish it. I thought you'd gummed it all up, being so snorty this morning at the house. Ben had been saying that he liked you. Thought you must be a genius at building and——"

"Hmp! There's no fish in that chowder," Sam appraised grimly.

"You doubt everything, everybody. As for my marrying—not on your life. Men are too disagreeable."

Mrs. Houston laughed, and suggested lightly: "Disagreeable if they're hungry,

Judith. Remember nice old John Adams built his political philosophy on the belief that 'the first want of man is his dinner.' I've learned to reserve propositions, to edge by on the other side of the street, till the Houston men have been fed. After that—they're angels."

Sam caught the girl's hands in his. "I'm sorry, honest. Of course Garvice can have the house. I'll say I'm in luck selling it so soon. You see—I thought that you cared for him—and you'd kept it dark and——"

She laughed a bit breathlessly. "No secrets in my life. It's—open for inspection. Where are you going?" she demanded as he linked an arm in hers and drew her toward the door.

"To the land. Want you to see that knoll. I've got a corking plan for a house for it."

Judith looked over her shoulder at the senior Houstons standing close together, and asked with tormenting charm: "Think it safe? Will our young contractor bite again?"

Sam saw a quick mist veil his mother's eyes, and caught the unsteadiness of her laugh as she assured: "Quite safe. He has dined. Not only wisely but extremely well."

Youth in the Business World

(Concluded from page 23)

rule, however, private secretaries receive about \$5 a week or \$20 a month more than is paid to the average stenographer in any community.

A knowledge of shorthand, typewriting, and bookkeeping, is a key that will unlock many doors. We have already talked about private secretarial work. A private secretary must know as much as possible about his employer's business, is usually expected to answer many of his employer's letters, and may have a stenographer to assist him. He arranges appointments, sees visitors and decides whether their business is important enough to take up his employer's time. He is often expected to look after private financial business and in this must

know how to keep simple accounts. A secretaryship is only one of the avenues open to the young stenographer. There are many others. The ability to organize and to direct things methodically may open the door to an executive position; that is, to a position where one directs the work of others. But in all this the one thing to remember is that if we do the thing that we are given to do, with the assurance that it is a divinely appointed job and that we are about "the Father's business," we need not worry as to the results. God looks after that, and we have only to accept His will joyfully, for it is always the *best* that can possibly come to us, and brings with it no regrets.

"My Country, 'Tis of Thee—"

By George N. Madison

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Synopsis of Parts I and II: Eric Hanson enters Exter Academy as a freshman. His roommate, George Strating, proves to be a caustic jester and Eric's ancestry becomes an enticing target. Viola Newton's first "scoop" becomes the talk of the campus: Exter academy is to be pitted against Exter high, the town against the college, in a contest for the best essay on "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

George submits an essay on the patriotism of the American pioneers and their descendants. Eric, fired by the cause of the immigrants, decides to enter the contest. Upon returning to his room one evening, Eric hears George reading his essay to an appreciative audience. Eric tears his essay into bits and declares he will not turn it in.

While Eric is packing for the Christmas holidays, George rushes into the room and angrily calls Eric a double-crosser and leaves before Eric can move.

Part III

"WELL, what in the world!" exclaimed Eric, repeating the cry a few minutes later, when, hurrying along to catch his train, he spied a familiar—and somewhat expected, if the truth were told—blue-clad Viola standing just outside a low gate. "Did you see George go by?"

"I felt a rush of wind and knew he had. Why, what's happened?"

"As if I knew!" Eric told the stormy episode. "Can you make anything out of that?"

"Not without making a terrible confession. What was it he called you—a double-crosser? Well, he had the right name but the wrong party. I'm the deecee."

"You're the what?"

"The double-crosser. You told me to tear up your speech, and I did, but not till after I had typed a copy of it. I turned that in to the judges."

"But George didn't know."

"If you had time to walk over to the bulletin board in Exter hall you'd see the names of the winners of the Civic contest. Eric, can't you guess?"

"George?"

"Oh, yes!" Viola was scornful, "and Maurine Allen of Exter high, but whose name led all the rest?"

"Not mine!"

"Of course not, goose! Patrick

Henry's! But I hear your train whistling for the crossing and you'd better run. Here's something to slip into your pocket. Don't fool yourself into thinking it's a Christmas present. It's merely a carbon copy of your essay, for you to memorize over the holidays and beat George Poor-sport out of first prize!"

When Eric came back after New Year's he found his room looking rather forlorn and bare. George had moved out. Nor did Eric see him again until the end of the next week, and then they were sitting side by side, not seeing and yet seeing each other, seeing and yet not seeing a myriad faces looking expectantly in their direction.

It was contest night.

Eric made one attempt at friendliness. "I don't want you to think that—that I tried to fool you about that essay," he stammered. "That was my first rough draft that I tore up. I told Viola to throw away the copy I had given her, but instead she typed it and turned it in without my knowing."

"A pretty time to be telling me about it now, when it's too late! At that, I think you're lying, but a lot of good it's going to do you. I made good and sure my speech came ahead of yours!"

"What difference——?"

George turned his back, but gave a silencing dig into Eric's ribs.

Maurine Allen was first introduced by His Honor, the Mayor. It was evident that he favored her as winner of the double prize, but it was just as evident that she would stand no chance against George's fiery eloquence. Hers was a pleasant, "schoolgirly" essay and she read it in a pleasant, "schoolgirly" manner that somehow made you feel sorry that contests were decided on merit. She had on a pale blue silk dress, just the color of her reading. As she finished, there was a polite ripple of applause, more sympathy than admiration.

Eric felt a little thrill go through him as George graciously acknowledged the mayor's introduction, then turned to the audience. How self-assured he was, how his voice rang out to the farthest corner of the packed auditorium. Eric suddenly felt inconspicuous and humble.

George had said that the speech he would turn in to the judges would be twice as good as the one he had read at Viola's. Eric sensed with the first paragraph that he had changed not only his speech but his whole viewpoint, sensed it with a growing feeling of dismay. As George came to his first climax, a stirring appeal that brought deafening applause, Eric realized the significance of that "I made sure my speech came ahead of yours."

Listening to that oration was to Eric like getting lost out in the woods in a fog, and stumbling along into paths he felt he ought to know, past rocks and trees made fantastic by the mist, until suddenly the wind shifted, the fog lifted—and he found himself in his own yard!

It wasn't that George had stolen Eric's speech. He had done worse than that! He had taken each idea and given it a clever twist that turned it inside out. He built up Eric's very arguments, then sent them tumbling by a shot of biting ridicule; by turns he was an ignorant, Italian fruit peddler, a Greek at a restaurant counter; he used broken English, mangled German, whining Swedish—and the house rocked with laughter.

Without taking a single sentence of Eric's speech, he had taken its very heart; more and more Eric saw his own coming argument as an orange from which all the juice had been squeezed, a thing of pulp and rind, flat and soggy. Momently he grew more heartsick at the thought of rising before that great, re-

sponsive crowd to plead the cause of this "new American" at whose clownish expense they were now snickering.

And then George swung into his great climax:

"When I say 'My country 'tis of thee!' I am thinking of the land of the *all*-American, the land whose greatest problem today is the making of these half-American immigrants into real citizens. It can't be done in a day, nor even in a generation, but we need feel no fear so long as the sons of those who made this country free and kept it undivided still keep the faith and fight the good fight. I have said it; will you all join with me and sing it? The first verse: 'My country 'tis of thee!'"

Some one was ready at the piano to strike the opening chords, and as one the whole audience rose and sang the august hymn, led by the forceful young singer on the stage.

At last the wave on wave of applause died down. Quieting the last scattered outburst, Mayor Caplan introduced the next speaker—a speaker who felt flat and foolish, all emptied out. Behind a cupped hand George whispered shrilly to him: "Talk fast, kid, or they'll walk out on you. I've kicked out all your props!"

The feeling in Eric's heart that had been shame, now turned to quick anger, but its very bitterness numbed him. He rose awkwardly as the mayor closed, and started to the front of the stage. He wet his lips; the words would not come. A dull misery seemed to engulf him. The medley of faces swam before him, all one great eye. And then, from a far aisle, a snicker. The hot blood surged into his neck, his ears. Another snicker! He opened his lips, but his palsied tongue played him false and only a squawk issued forth. He looked despairingly toward where he knew Viola was sitting. That was her white face behind the imploring eyes. She of all this throng knew why he stood there dumb. She half rose in her seat, and then across the auditorium, which seemed suddenly hushed and expectant, her clear young voice shrilled:

"Dat's right, Svenska! Yo' stand dere wan hundret year mebbly yo' gat to be *whole* American lak dat odder faller!"

There was no snicker now from the audience, but a great wave of laughter that somehow brought Eric within its

warm circle. Not only that, but Viola's drawling sarcasm had accomplished its purpose and taunted him into mastery of himself. Once more his lips opened, this time to send out hot, unstudied words:

"Yes, I am one of those comic half-Americans—foreign blood but American heart! I wonder how many of you who laughed can claim more! I came here to repeat a speech. The judges know why I shall not, *cannot*, make it. And yet—and yet if I don't say what's boiling in me I'll simply blow up!

"My country! What does it mean to me? Well, what does it mean to you? Does it mean the rock-ribbed, mountain-barred coast of the Pilgrim Fathers, the lonely cabins in the bare spots of a vast forest wilderness, the primitive settlements, the hunter, the trapper, the trader, the Indian fighter, the frontiersman? Or is it the America of you and me, from coast to coast, from gulf to the great lakes, the dream of many minds, the love-labor of many hands? Who shall say to what land, to what blood, it owes most? With Pershing in the Argonne, Grant at Vicksburg, Jackson at New Orleans—yes, with Washington at Valley Forge—more than one real American gave his life's last heroic gasp in his mother tongue.

"The American of today, the *new* American, if you please, belongs to a new race, a race that holds loyalty above any tie of blood. He who forgets what blood flows in his veins in remembering his brotherhood with every man, woman, and child who gives allegiance to Old Glory, he is the *all*-American.

"There is just one thing that our new

American needs to make him a good American: He needs to find in this country that which he came here seeking. He will find it if we live up to the ideal of fair play and good sportsmanship which is our proudest boast. He will not



DRAWING BY MILAR

"*Mebby yo' gat to be*

find it in a sneer, the calling of nick-names, the ridiculing of peculiar speech or custom or dress. And if he does not find it, our loss is no less than his.

"Half-Americans? Yes, there are such. What is the other half? Hypocrisy, which makes patriotism a thing of empty words! Snobbery, which makes Americanism a thing of birth, of blood,

of caste! Sneakingness, which takes unfair advantage!

"Your Americanism, and mine, lives in our hearts, not in our ancestors. No blood can make you a half-American, nor can it make you an all-American. Noth-

there had not Mayor Caplan held out a deflecting arm. The audience burst into belated applause, then began to buzz with excited conjectures. The judges, too, were plainly puzzled as they began a heated discussion. Mayor Caplan, however, having pushed Eric into his chair, did not seem to share the general bewilderment.

"I begin to see," he said, looking at George, who was squirming uncomfortably, "just why you were so particular this afternoon about your place on the program." He turned to Eric. "You said that the judges would understand, but they won't. No guilty conscience came running to them this afternoon to set them guessing, as I am guessing now. And no doubt the two or three hundred essays that were entered all began to sound a good deal alike before the judges finished reading them. They'll be asking for an explanation. Will you give it, or shall I? Or will you?" He turned again to George.

George reddened and looked away; then he turned to Eric. "Pick up the marbles," he said with exaggerated carelessness. "You win!"

Eric spoke quietly to the mayor, as if he had not heard George. "I don't think that any explanation will be necessary. I simply didn't make my speech—that's

all. I—I—my reasons were purely personal——" He rose abruptly, then added quite as abruptly: "And private. I—I should have withdrawn before I exploded. If you don't mind, I think I'll go now."

The mayor whistled softly, but made no move to stop Eric as he made his way off the stage. Eric hurried to the dressing room where he had left his coat and



whole American!"

ing can make you an all-American unless deep down in your soul the spirit of this wonderful land has whispered: 'Behold, I am America! I am you, multiplied a hundred million times. And yet, vast as I am, I am as nothing unless all of me is in your heart!'

He turned abruptly and almost ran to his chair. Nor would he have stopped

hat, and in another instant was out in the refreshing cold of the January night. Ahead of him stretched the campus, dark under the trees save where a patch of snow caught the gleam of a young moon. It looked enticingly lonely, and he took a deep breath and stepped briskly away from the lighted street. How long he walked he neither knew nor cared, but when finally he quitted the college grounds he saw with relief that the streets were deserted and the houses still and dark.

As he came to his own block he saw that one window still gleamed, the window in his own room. "I must have been excited," he said half aloud, "to go off and forget my light." He began to fumble for his key, then sensed that the door was not locked but yielded under his hand. He opened it, but paused on the threshold.

Only the reading lamp was burning, and the room was deep in shadows. Still

(The End)

—deserted—but no! From the old corner chair that George had always called his special property sprang that gentleman himself and confronted Eric almost in the doorway.

"I thought you'd like to know" (his voice was somehow both defiant and humble) "that I didn't get the prize. They gave them both to Maurine."

"But how could they?"

"Because"—there was something besides defiance in his voice—"because I told them what I'd done. That's why! I owe you the fifty dollars, and if you'll give me time I'll—I'll——"

"You'll get on back to your room before your roommate calls out the fire department to locate you. Forget it!" Eric held out his hand.

But George put both hands stiffly behind his back. "I'm not shaking hands with any half-Americans," he exclaimed huskily, "not until I've made a decent fraction out of myself!"

The Tenth Man

(Concluded from page 13)

and I was then ten years old. No wonder they gave me up to die! But I held fast to the ideal of perfection that I wanted to express, and this is what I said: 'I do not care if the whole world comes to me and says, "You'll never live to walk again," I will, because I believe in God's power and His power is greater than man's power.' Then I returned home.

"When any one came to see me he would say, 'Oh, can't you walk yet?' or 'I suppose the next time I come to see you, you will be in bed with another broken leg.' It usually came to pass. I was too weak to throw off the negative thoughts and words. All this happened in Detroit, Michigan. Then we decided to come to California. When we arrived in California a great load seemed to have been lifted from me as though all these years I had been going through a long dark tunnel and at last had reached the end of it. Up to this time I had had only one year of schooling.

"Then my life began to change. My new friends spoke positive and constructive words to me. They did not know what was the matter with me and I don't think they do yet, because I always re-

frain from speaking of my past unless I think that to do so will give another person hope. I speak only of the 'now' and not of the past because I believe every one should destroy his past, master his present, and create his future.

"Up until January, 1927, I had not walked for nine years. Then I came in contact with a woman who had just returned from Kansas City after completing the Unity course. Since I have received her help my spine is as straight as a well person's, my kidneys are in the right place, and my ribs have returned to their normal position. My stomach also is functioning properly. She put me on crutches right away. That was in February, 1927. In January of this year I was measured and I had grown thirteen inches in one year and I have developed in every way. Don't you think that I am making a mighty demonstration? Unity literature has helped me more than anything else and I always pass it on, especially *Youth*.

"The blessing of Jehovah, it maketh rich; and he addeth no sorrow therewith,' even if the blessing sometimes comes in disguise."—*M. W.*

Let's Talk It Over

By Ourselves

"I NEVER argue with any one about accepting *Youth's* ideas," said the youngest member of our editorial staff yesterday. "There is one question I can put to him that always stops argument."

One question! That sounded interesting. This youngest member is quite a modern young person, and yet amazingly in earnest about the real things of life—not an unusual attitude among young people, despite what the tabloids say.

One question! Interesting.

"When somebody says that it's silly to believe that what you give out comes back to you, increased and multiplied, or that it's silly to believe in the influence of thought, or that it's silly to believe that prayer will do any good in really practical problems, or that Truth is only for old fogies who have lost the joy of living, I just ask 'em, 'Are you happy?'"

"Are you happy?" Not so bad, eh? The youngest member had struck upon the most amazing thing about *Youth's* idea of religion—that it makes people happier than they have ever been before. Are you afraid of that word "religion"? I don't blame you. It has many unpleasant associations.

"Are you happy?" is not a bad measuring stick for your religion. Maybe you will say that you have no religion, but is there anybody who hasn't a religion of some kind? Really, most of us have two religions. One of them we do not understand very well and we celebrate it only on special occasions. It is likely to be a bit stiff and formal, and to hark back to the days of the front parlor and the hair wreaths and rituals and obscure Scriptural passages.

Our other religion is less formal. It is a composite of our ideas about ourselves and about other people and about how to get along in the world and about why we are in it. This is the religion that really counts. Does it make us happy? If it doesn't there is something wrong with it—or with us. It would be a good idea to find out which—and to correct the situation.

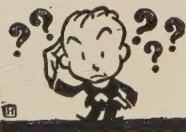
I WONDER if any one can ever be happy so long as his idea of happiness hinges on some one or some thing outside himself? "Oh, yes," somebody says, "if I can just get that new roadster I'll be happy." You may be, I don't want to discourage you; but unless you can be happy without it, it's unlikely that you'll be happy, for long, with it.

Happiness belongs, not to the realm of things, but to the realm of ideas, the realm of mind.

If things could make people happy this would be a world in which virtually everybody would be happy. Never has there been as much wealth, so widely distributed. Never have people worked so few hours a day, nor for such good wages. Never have we had greater opportunities. With radios and automobiles and motion pictures and modern luxuries and conveniences, we have at our command material resources such as no king of old could command. Have these things made people happy? You?

Are you happy? I have asked that question so many times you are likely to think I am trying to raise a doubt in your mind! Far from it! I want to make clear to you what seems so very clear to me; that there are possibilities—amazing possibilities—of happiness in all these things; but that it takes happy people to find them. How, then, can we be happy?

Which Shall I Say?



*"I don't get a thing out of history.
I'm wasting time."*

OR—

*"I must put more into this so that
I'll get more out of it."*

Lately we hear considerable talk about young people's committing suicide. There is a great deal more talk about the subject than the actual number of cases justifies. "Nothing to live for," is the cry of these young people. It is not apparent that these young suicides are youths who have been deprived of the good things of life. They are not the wretchedly poor; quite the contrary is often true.

Their poverty is an inward poverty; a poverty that afflicts people in any station of life and is no respecter of age. It is poverty of mind. Again I must explain: I don't mean poverty of facts, information, knowledge. These mentally poor people are often thoroughly educated. They have a wealth of ideas—but it is a wealth of ideas that do not make for happiness. It is a wealth that is really poverty.

PEOPLE are educated to be efficient, to be successful in business, to master a profession, to be socially acceptable; *but they are not educated to be happy!*

I had a better education as the world views it, when I was unhappy than I have now when I am happy. I had a better education in this way: I had learned to believe a great many more things than I know now. But I hadn't learned the same things that I now know.

It seems to me that I know far fewer things now than I did then, but I know them better, and they are making me happier all the time.

I used to believe that "if" I had this, and "when" that happened, I should be happy. I have found out that I cannot build happiness on "ifs" and "whens." I unlearned a great many things through knowing that one. I had learned a lot of unpleasant things about politics and about germs and about "pull" with teachers and employers, and about "religious bunk." I have had to unlearn a lot of that stuff to become happy.

There's no use in being happy about something that isn't true. Instead I have found new things that make me happy. I believe that my happiness is based on that which is true and substantial and lasting.

I am happy because of what I can do—for others and for myself. I used to be unhappy because there were many things

I did not do well. I thought nobody would like me because of that. I did not have many friends, but it was because I didn't give them a chance to be friendly. I wasn't friendly myself. There are still a great many things I cannot do, but I can do some things which others cannot do—so I suppose things are evened up. Besides, nobody can do everything well, and if some one person could, think how uncomfortable he'd make every one else feel! I think some people like me because of what I cannot do—it makes them feel comfortably superior. I hope some people like me because of things I can do—for them and for myself. I know some people like me because of what they can do for me (and each of us likes to be allowed to do something for somebody else). It makes me happy to have people like me, because I like them. It makes me happy to like people.

I AM happy to have found something which I enjoy doing. I am happy that doing that thing earns me a living. Finding what we can do and like to do—and then doing it as well as possible—takes care of the "earning" part. I am happy for that. I am happy because I don't have to do things that I cannot do well; happy that other people can do them and can enjoy doing them. I am happy to have found God. I haven't found Him through any especial revelation. I find Him in people and in the world about me; and—a little more as time goes on—in myself. I am happy to feel that God is in His world, in my life, everywhere. I don't always know beforehand what He's going to do; but I am growing to believe that He knows what He's doing. I am happy to know that I do not have to run the world for Him; that He has given me a man-sized job—running my own *with* Him.

I am happy to have found out that there is nothing to fear except fear. If all the evils of the world were as powerful as I (and wiser men than I) believed them to be, the world would have destroyed itself ages ago. I am happy to know that good is more powerful than evil; that there is some corrective force in the world that constantly corrects mistakes and dissolves evil and improves the good.

These letters may
answer your questions

Your Own Page

We will print as many helpful, sincere letters here as space permits.
Please sign your name and address; we will publish only your initials.

Dear Youth:

I am a senior in high school and graduating means more than anything else to me now. I study hard but when I get to class I forget everything I learned. I get so nervous I actually shake. The cause of this is my fear of my teacher. She has a strong dislike for me and finds fault with everything I do. When I get a low mark she scolds me terribly until I hate to go to school. I am doing well in all my other classes. I have tried to think good of her at all times but now and then my bitter feelings get the better of me. I also have an inferiority complex which doesn't help matters any and I would like to shake it off. How can I gain my teacher's good will, get better marks, and throw away the complex for good?—*F. K. B.*

F. K. B.—One of the commonest reasons for people's crankiness is that they need love and friendship. That seems odd, doesn't it? but I believe that it is true. When folks are lonely or unhappy or discouraged they become irritable and faultfinding. How your teacher feels toward you is *her* problem. How you feel toward her is your problem. Solve your problem, and her problem will take care of itself. You can help your teacher by loving her. It might be best not to tell her about it, but just keep thinking it. Whenever you think of her, think, "I love you." When you go into class, silently bless her and realize that she is a channel for God's love and kindness.

Each of us is God's child and He has a work for each of us to do. If we trust in Him He will do it well—and remember that He does His work through us. When we truly know that we can no longer depreciate ourselves or nourish an inferiority complex.

When you are beginning your studies each day, hold this thought: *God loves me and approves of what I do. He works in and through me, as wisdom, love, understanding, efficiency.*

"Dear Silent Unity:

"When I wrote to you last time I asked for help to pass my exams. I am glad to say that I passed them all and furthermore I'm proud of every one.

"After I passed the exams I quit saying 'The Prayer of Faith,' and every-

thing went wrong. I started saying it again and I felt happy and wasn't so cross as before. Now I say it every morning and every night. My lessons seem easier now than they did before.

"I used to say long ago: 'I believe it is only a fable. I don't see how it can be true.' Then my lessons were hard. My mother would say to me: 'Why don't you write to Silent Unity?' 'Because I don't believe in it,' I would reply.

"Finally I resolved to write to you. My lessons became easier. I learned many things which I would not have believed before.—*J. C.*"

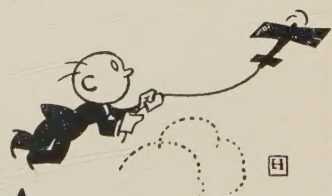
Dear Youth:

Please pray for me to win honors in my music studies.

I do not want to win over others but just cannot get away from the word honors. Is it wrong to pray for honors?—*Velma.*

Velma—Erase the "s" from honors and you will have honor. Look up the word "honor" in the dictionary. Study all the different meanings, and then be the word.

Honors are for self alone while honor is for all. When you realize your oneness with God and live to express Him, He will take care of the honors. You do not need to work for honors, but work for the joy of expressing God through your music, and you will most assuredly be honored.



A man's worth is
determined by his
Ability to Stick
until he Gets There

Is It Wrong To Be Prosperous?

OCCASIONALLY some one writes us that he thinks we are doing wrong to emphasize prosperity through the Prosperity Bank Plan—because people think altogether too much about it already!

We do emphasize prosperity, and the Prosperity Bank Plan does help people to become more prosperous. We must admit these facts. But it is often the lack of prosperity that makes people think so much about it. When they attain it their minds are freed of fear and they can relax their mental strain about it. Moreover, thinking about prosperity is not the same as thinking about money. To think too much about money is unwise, but it would be difficult to think too much about prosperity, which means well-being, and applies not only to our finances but to our mentality and to our physical condition as well.

IF you feel that God does not want you to be prosperous (*can* you think that?) do not send for a Prosperity Bank. If you feel that He does, you can use the Prosperity Bank to advantage.

Some people feel that God wants them to be solemn and downcast, to grow old, and to prepare to die. If they want to feel that way they should not subscribe for *Youth*, because *Youth* helps its readers to keep young and joyous and happy; it will help in preparing them to live! It will make God seem real and close and friendly.

The blank below is for your convenience.

*Unity School of Christianity,
917 Tracy, Kansas City, Mo.*

Please give me special prayers for increased prosperity and send me a Prosperity Bank. I will use daily the prosperity statement that you send me and will work with you to set in action within myself the laws governing my prosperity. I will save \$3 to pay for the magazine, *Youth*, to be sent to each of the persons named below, and will send this amount to you within ten weeks after receipt of my Bank.

1 Name

Address

City State

2. Name

Address

City State

3. Name

Address

City State

(This offer does not include *Youth* for the sender unless his name is listed above as one of the three.)

Name of Sender

Address

City State